

THE  
**SATURDAY MAGAZINE.**

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VOL. I.—NO. 8.

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Philadelphia, August 25, 1821.

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**Miscellany.**

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THE ANATOMIE OF ABUSES, &c. BY PHILIP STUBBES.  
London, 1585.

Extracts from the Retrospective Review.

This is the most amusing and diversified of the many splenetic works which have been levelled, by the sour spirit of puritanism, against the gaieties and the elegancies, as well as the vices and follies of life. It shows us "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure," seen, it is true, with a jaundiced eye, but delineated with spirit and effect. Alas, poor Stubbes! How would it have tortured thy querulous spirit, couldst thou have anticipated that thy writings would, one day, be valued as a record of the pomps and vanities which thou didst so boldly and perseveringly denounce; that thy book should be laid under contribution by the remorseless antiquary; thy anathemas be pressed into the service of the vain historian of church-ales and may-games, of ruffs and fardingales; and thy pious effusions be dismembered to grace the margins of "profane stage-plaies and enterludes." To such base uses have thy labours been applied, and so powerful is the contagion of bad example, that even we (with shame and sorrow we speak it) recur with equal, if not greater relish, to thy descriptions of the frivolities of the day, than to thy moral precepts, thy fearful examples, or thy climaxes of execration.

The object and scope of the *Anatomie of Abuses* is pretty clearly expressed in its wordy title-page: it is little more than a *catalogue raisonné* of the vices of the age, or of the gaieties which were deemed such by the dark sect which was now extending its ramifications throughout the country, and which, in the succeeding century, overturned the altar and the throne, proscribed cheerfulness and refinement, and perverted the very language into a jargon of enthusiasm.

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The first count in the indictment preferred against the people of Ailgna is for their pride and ostentation of dress, in which they are said to excel all other countries: this, indeed, is the "head and front of their offending," in the estimation of Stubbes. No less than eighty-eight pages are devoted to a vituperative description of the fashions and abuses of apparel—a greater space than is allotted for the whole of the seven deadly sins. As this is amongst the most amusing parts of the book, we shall not quarrel with our moral anatomist for his malicious partiality.

"But now there is such a confuse mingle-mangle of apparell in Ailgna, and suche a preposterous excesse thereof, as every one is permitted to flaunt

it out in what apparel he lusteth hymself, or can get by any kinde of means; so that it is very hard to know who is noble, who is worshipfull, who is a gentleman, who is not: for you shall have those, which are neither of the nobilitie, gentilitie, or yeomanrie, no, nor yet any officer or magistrate in the commonwealth, go daiely in silkes, velvetts, satens, damaskes, taffeties, and suche like; notwithstanding that they be both base by birthe, meane by estate, and servile by calling: and this I coumpt a great confusion, and a general disorder. God be mercifull unto us!"

Then follows a detail of all the extravagant minutiae of dress, from the feather in the cap to the spangle on the pantofle.

"Sometymes they use them [the hats] sharpe on the croune, pearking up like the spire or shaft of a steeple, standyng up a quarter of a yarde above the croune of their heades, some more, some lesse, as please the phantasies of their inconstante mindes. Other some be flat, and broad in the croune, like the battlementes of a house. Another sorte have round crounes, sometymes with one kind of bande, sometymes with another; now blacke, now white, now russet, now red, now grene, now yellow: now this, now that; never content with one colour or fashion two daies to an ende. And thus in vanitie they spend the Lorde his treasure, consumyng their golden yeres and silver daies in wickednesse and sinne. And as the fashions be rare and straunge, so is the stuffe whereof their hattes be made divers also; for some are of silke, some of velvet, some of taffetie, some of sarcenet, some of wooll, and which is more curious, some of a certaine kind of fine haire. These they call *bever* hattes, of twentye, thirtye, or fortye shillinges price, fetched from beyonde the seas, from whence a great sorte of other vanities doe come besides: and so common a thing it is, that every servyng man, countrieman, and other, even all indifferently, dooe weare of these hattes; for he is of no account, or estimation amongst men, if he have not a velvet or taffatie hatte; and that must be pincked, and cunnynghly carved of the beste fashion. And good profitable hattes be these; for, the longer you weare them, the fewer holes they have."

And some are not content with these extravagant hats, without "a greate bunche of feathers, of divers and sundrie colours, peakyng on top of their heades." But the zeal of the author is kindled to tenfold rage, as he comes in contact with the manifold abominations of THE RUFF, and its diabolical auxiliary, STARCH.

"They have great and monstrous ruffes, made either of cambricke, holland, lawne, or els of some other the finest cloth that can be got for money, whereof some be a quarter of a yarde deepe; yea, some more, very few lesse; so that they stande a full quarter of a yarde (and more) from their neckes, hanging over their shoulder-points, insteade of a vaile. But if Æolus with his blasts, or Neptune with his storms, chaunce to hit upon the crasie barke of their bruised ruffes, then they goeth flipflap in the winde, like ragges that flew abroad, lying upon their shoulders like the dishcloute of a slut. But, wot you what? The devil, as he, in the fullnesse of his malice, first invented these great ruffes, so hath he now found out also two great pillers to beare up and maintaine this his kyngdome of great ruffes (for the devil is kyng and prince over all the children of pride). The one arche or piller, whereby his kyngdome of great ruffes is underpropped, is a certaine kinde of liquid matter, which they call starch, wherein the devil hath willed them to wash and dive their ruffes well; which, beyng drie, will then stand stiff and inflexible about their neckes. The other pillar is a certaine device made of wiers, crested for the purpose, whipped over either with gold, thred, silver, or silke; and this he calleth a supportasse, or underpropper. This is to bee applied round about their neckes, under the ruffe, upon the outside of the



bande, to bear up the whole frame and bodie of the ruffe from falliing and hangyng doune."

What a poor unfledged animal does the best accoutred dandy of these degenerate days appear by the side of the *exquisite* of the sixteenth century, with his spherical hat surmounted by a gallant plume of party-coloured feathers; his neck defended by a broad *cheveux-de-frise* of ruff, with its buttresses of starch and wire; his curving sweep of doublet, well padded, pinked and slashed; his damask hosen; his nether-stocks curiously knit with quirks and clocks; his cork-heeled pantofles, embroidered with silk and gold; equipped with his cloak of fine cloth, bordered with gold lace; and armed with rapier and dagger, with silver hilts and velvet scabbards!

This ungallant puritan shows little mercy to the frivolities and vanities of the fair sex, which, he observes,

"If I should endeavour myself to express, I might with like facilitie number the sands of the sea, the starres in the skye, or the grasse upon the earth, so infinite and innumerable be their abuses. For, were I never so expert an arithmetician, or never so skillfull a mathematician, I were never capable of the one half of them, the devil brocheth so many newe fashions every daie."

He draws up all the fathers of the church in battle-array against the practice of colouring the face "with certaine oyles, liquors, unguents, and waters, made to that end;" and denounces it, in a marginal anathema, as blasphemous, idolatrous, and what not. The iniquity of false hair is not forgotten; and starch and ruffs come in for a second castigation. We are next regaled with a delectable story of "a faire gentlewoman of Eprautna," who, being invited to a wedding, decked herself out in her finest array, dyed her hair and painted her face; but her attendants could not please her in starching and setting her ruffs. On this she began to "sweare and teare, to curse and ban," wishing the devil might take her if she wore any of those ruffles and neckerchers again. That gentleman immediately stepped in, in the shape of a proper young man, to pay his devoirs; and, seeing the lady in such a "peltiing chafe," inquired the cause of her perturbation. On being informed of the obstinacy of the ruffs, he gallantly offered his services, and adjusted them so much to her heart's content, that she permitted him to salute her, and in so doing he took the liberty of wringing her neck asunder. The body immediately changed to all manner of colours, "most uggle-some to behold," and, when placed in a coffin, the strength of all the assistants was insufficient to lift it. On opening the coffin, to discover the cause of this phenomenon, they found the body was gone, and "a black catte, verie leane and deformed, sittying in the coffin, settiing of great ruffles and frizzling of haire, to the great feare and wonder of all beholders."

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FROM THE LONDON MONTHLY REVIEW.

*Memoir of M. Necker, by A. de Staël Holstein, his Grandson.*

The character of M. Necker has produced momentous effects on the history of the world, and therefore deserves the attention of Europe. The order, the economy and the probity, which, during his first administration, he introduced into the management of the finances of France, could alone have enabled that government to continue to a successful termination its war in behalf of the liberties of North America: because confidence would have forsaken the advancers of loans, which had for a part of their purpose the payment of interest in arrear, had it not been sustained by his steady pursuit of reform in the assessment, collection, and expenditure of the taxes. The courageous introduction of provin-

cial administrations, and the final convention of the States-General of France, were in a great degree the work of his second administration, and in fact brought on the Revolution; a mighty change, which called powers into action too forcible for his control, but which he induced with deliberate foresight, and contemplated with virtuous liberality. While harnessed to the car of destiny, he strode onwards with disinterested independence, and endeavoured to move it in the track pointed out by the well principled friends of liberty.

His grandson here presents us with the life and collective works of his illustrious ancestor; and he begins by stating that the family was of Irish origin, yet already Protestant in the reign of Philip and Mary, from whose persecutions the Neckers are said to have fled into Prussia. As no vouchers have been produced to corroborate this statement, we suspect it to be an error; for though the author may have derived it from maternal tradition, it is in a high degree improbable. The name of Necker is not Irish, but German; and so few Protestants were to be found in Ireland during the reign of Philip and Mary, that traces would have occurred in our own ecclesiastical historians of any family of note who had been compelled to expatriation, if such had been the case. Prussia, also, was not then a civilized country, nor the asylum of persecuted refugees; and it is far more likely that the family originated near, and was named from, the river Necker, whence the migration to Geneva is so easy and natural. Be this as it may, Charles Frederic Necker came to settle at Geneva as a lecturer on public law, at the beginning of the last century; dedicated to the magistracy in 1741 a treatise on the Constitution of the Germanic Empire; and was complimented for this publication with the freedom of the city. He had two sons: the elder, named Louis, assumed the odd name, which is neither English nor French, of Monsieur de Germany; and the younger, named James, after the usual education at a classical school, was placed in a merchant's counting-house. The Professor was intimate with a M. Vernet, who lectured on theology at the same academy, and whose brother was a banker at Paris; and through the intervention of this friend, James Necker was placed as a clerk in that bank: where, after having learnt Dutch to accommodate his patron, he was taken into partnership. In 1762, M. Vernet retired from business, and resigned his concerns to James Necker, who formed a new partnership with M. Thelusson, under the firm of Thelusson, Necker, & Co.; a house which acquired great commercial consequence, and was respected equally for the probity of its conduct and the magnitude of its concerns. A fortunate and extensive speculation in corn, undertaken during the year 1764, gave notoriety to its success and its opulence. At this period, M. Necker married Miss Curchod of Lausanne, to whom Gibbon had been attached; and the union produced an only daughter, afterward the celebrated Madame de Staël.

The house of Thelusson, Necker & Co., negotiated several loans for the French government, and was much consulted by the Duke de Choiseul, at whose suggestion M. Necker was named in 1768 a resident envoy from the republic of Geneva to the French court. He had at this time many shares in the French East India Company, and was elected one of its six directors, or syndics, as they were called. The Company was not very successful: the Abbé Morellet wrote a pamphlet against it; M. Necker replied; and the result was that government bought in the shares, and threw open the trade. Under the administration of the Abbé Terray, the house of Thelusson again contracted for larger loans than before, were considerable holders of French stock, and insensibly became the



practical representatives of that monied interest which vested its capital in French securities.

In 1772, M. Necker, considering his fortune as made, dissolved his partnership, and determined to retire from business; placing his elder brother, M. de Germany in a new banking-house, to which was intrusted the arrangement of his concerns. In 1773 he contended for a prize offered by the French Academy to the author of the best eulogy on Colbert; when Condorcet and others attacked this oration in print, as not favourable to that unlimited liberty of commerce which the economic sect, as it was called, usually advocated. Turgot was at this time minister, and awarded the victory to Necker's antagonists by proclaiming the abolition of all restrictive laws. M. Necker then collected his arguments in a dissertation entitled *Sur la Legislation et le Commerce des Grains*, which was printed in 1775, and which raised his character for talents and prudence both with the public and among placemen. In 1776 he was named one of the directors of the royal treasury, with M. Taboureaux; M. de Maurepas being the minister who suggested this eventful appointment. To intrust a foreigner, a Protestant, and a merchant, with the situation of a lord of the treasury, was felt in France as an ominous innovation.

M. Necker now soon brought into action that probity, that principle, and that taste for reform, which he had imbibed in the republic of Geneva; suppressed many useless places; and endeavoured to introduce publicity into all the details of administration. After four years, (in 1780,) he ventured to propose the abolition of all riderships (*croupe*), and of other sinecures connected with the king's household: when M. Taboureaux took alarm, and, hesitating to partake the odium of such bold reductions, retired from office; leaving M. Necker alone at the head of the treasury, with the title of director-general. His first measure was to cut off the established profits of his own office, which were restored in 1783 by M. de Calonne. A great amelioration was also effected in all the institutions of benevolence, under his auspices; while Madame Necker, on her part, founded a charitable pawn-brokers on a vast scale at Paris, and bestowed meritorious attention on those departments of the hospitals and prisons which respected the accommodation of females.

In 1780, an important economy was introduced into the assessment and collection of the *taille* and *capitation*, of the *fermes* and *regies*. Provincial administrations were also partially established, and local magistrates were permitted to tax the people. This plan, which originated with M. Turgot, having been abandoned in consequence of the resistance of parliamentary and local interests, M. Necker attempted the reform gradually; beginning with Berry, Guyenne, Dauphiné, and Grenoble; and at length he succeeded in the piece-meal establishment of much that had been repelled in the aggregate. The abolition of *main-morte* was conducted with equal skill, and accompanied by indemnities to all who profited from the ancient arrangement. At length, he published a statement of the entire financial resources of France, under the title of *Compte rendu au Roi*; a work which produced an electric sensation throughout a kingdom that had hitherto been unaccustomed to the publicity of government measures.

A memoir on the intended provincial administrations, which M. Necker had drawn up for the consideration of the privy council, and which contained some obnoxious insinuations against the authority of the French parliaments, was clandestinely printed and distributed in 1781. The parliament of Paris now took offence; intrigue became busy; and M. Necker was obliged to resign. He retired to Saint Ouen, and there

composed his work *Sur l'Administration des Finances*, which was printed in 1784, and of which 80,000 copies are here stated to have been sold. The effect produced on public opinion by this work was somewhat dangerous to national credit, but so decisively advantageous to its author, that, although M. de Calonne had indirectly attacked his statements with all the resources of official information and all the artifices of perfidy, they gained general acquiescence; and his various plans of reform and retrenchment became favourite measures, even with the parliaments which had contributed to his disgrace. In August, 1788, he was recalled into administration by the voice of the people; their *Notables*, whom M. de Calonne had assembled, proclaiming the national verdict.

When M. Necker was restored to the situation of director-general of the finances, the funds immediately rose nearly 30 *per cent.*; and he retained this title until the opening of the States-General, when that of Prime-Minister of Finance was substituted. The assembly of this body of legislators was in fact his work: for, though the project had indeed been afloat since the time of Turgot, no preceding minister had the courage to attempt to wield so powerful a political machine. Even Necker failed in the trial, and was compelled by the Queen's party to resign. M. de Breteuil then took the reigns of office, and was minister during three days: those memorable days which subverted the Bastille and the monarchy, and transferred the allegiance of the army to the representatives of the people. After these events, M. Necker was again recalled to place, though not to power: for the assembly would not support his plans of taxation, and preferred a national bankruptcy. He therefore withdrew in September, 1790, to his estate at Coppet, where Madame Necker died in 1794; and he endeavoured to amuse his mind by writing on the *Importance of Religious Opinions*. It was the book of a statesman addressing philosophic academicians, and supported the opinion of those who argue for tolerating all worships, but not the *absence* of all. His *Cours de Morale Religieuse*, printed in 1800, is but a continuation of this work. He also composed a treatise on the French Revolution, which appeared in 1796; and he published in 1802 his *Last Views of Politics and Finance*, which had some tendency to produce a coalition between Bonaparte and the Liberalists, on the basis of limited monarchy. Here the biographer observes:

"If from the point of repose at which we are now arrived, we look back a moment, in order to survey at one glance the public life of M. Necker, we shall find that three great ideas never ceased to pervade and influence his soul. As minister of the king, faithfully and profoundly devoted to Louis XVI., the safety of this monarch was the first object of his solicitude. As a statesman, order and justice appeared to him indispensable conditions of every political institution, to which liberty itself ought to be subordinate. As a citizen and a philosopher, he loved liberty, and desired its benefits for France. These three sentiments may be traced in all the writings of M. Necker, who unremittingly devoted to France the fruit of his labours, and who remained an influencing statesman even in his solitude. There is no private station for superior minds, which exercise at will a magistracy that extends through all countries and ages; and it may be said on the other hand that there is no public career for men of mediocrity, since, in whatever situation chance may place them, it is forbidden to them to rise above the narrow sphere of egotism."

On the 30th of March, 1804, M. Necker died of a fever, which occa-



sionally rendered him delirious ; his last words imploring a blessing on his beloved and only daughter.

This celebrated man has been ridiculed for his vanity by a late historian of the finance-ministers of France : but he more than atoned for this foible by his disinterested superiority to the love of office. When he deemed a measure essential to the public good, and was thwarted in it by the cabinet, he uniformly resigned ; and public opinion having repeatedly forced him back on the crown, he thus brought his opponents to compliance. If our great ministers in this country had displayed equal indifference to place, they might long since have bestowed on Great Britain a reform of the national representation : but they have wanted both this disinterestedness, and the desire to effect this national benefit.

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FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

#### RICHMOND.

"God made the country, and man made the town:" I wonder in which of the two divisions Cowper would have placed Richmond. Every Londoner would laugh at the rustic that should call it town ; and yet it is no more like the country, the real untrimmed genuine country, than a garden is like a field. I do not say this in disparagement. Richmond is nature in a court dress, but still nature—aye, and very lovely nature too ; gay, and happy, and elegant, as one of Charles the Second's beauties, and with as little to remind us of the penalty of the original Adam, of labour or poverty, or grief, or crime. Since no place on the globe is quite exempt from their influence, I suppose that care and vice may exist even there ; they are, however, well hidden : the inhabitants may find them, or they may find the inhabitants ; but to the casual visiter Richmond appears a sort of fairy-land—a piece of the old Arcadia, a holiday-spot for ladies and gentlemen, where they lead a happy out-of-door life, like the gay folks in Watteau's pictures, and have nothing to do with the work-a-day world. The principal ingredient in this powerful charm is the river, the beautiful river, for the hill seems to me overrated. The prospect is too woody, too leafy, too green. There is a monotony of vegetation, a heaviness. The view was finer as I first saw it in February, when the bare branches admitted frequent glimpses of houses and villages, and the colouring was left to the fancy, than when I last beheld it, all pomp and garniture, "in the leafy month of June." Canova said it only wanted crags ; I rather incline to the old American criticism, and think that it wants clearing. But the river, the beautiful river, there is no overrating that. Brimming to its very banks of meadow or garden, clear, pure, and calm as the bright summer sky which smiles down into its bosom. How gracefully it glides through the bridge, and how the boats become it ! and how pretty those boats are, from the light green pleasure-vessel, with its white awning and its gay freight of *beaux* and *belles*, to the heavy steam-boat, which comes wallowing along with a regular mechanical motion, rumpling the waters, and leaving a track of tiny waves on their glassy surface. Certainly the Thames is the pleasantest highway in his Majesty's dominions. The happiest hours I ever passed in my life were spent on its bosom one sweet June morning, when the light clouds seemed following and folding the sun in a thousand veils of shadowy alabaster, and the soft air was loaded with fragrance from gardens which were one flush of roses and honeysuckles. I shall never forget that morning. How delightful it was to glide along through those beautiful scenes with those dear companions, sunk in that silence of deep enjoyment which looks so like thought, though, in reality, a much wiser and happier thing ; listening, half unconsciously, to Emily I's

sweet snatches of Venetian songs ; muttering almost as unconsciously as we met the queen birds, "The swans on still St. Mary's lake float double, swan and shadow ;" just roused as we passed Pope's grotto, or the arch over Strawberry Hill ; then landing at Hampton Court, the palace of the Cartoons, and coming home with my whole mind full of the divine Raphael, and of that glorious portrait of Titian by himself, which almost divided my admiration. I shall never forget that morning.

How pleasant it is, on the other hand, to go down the river towards Kew, amongst all sorts of royal recollections, from the ruined house of Anne of Cleves, to the lime-trees, fragrant with blossom, and "musical with bees," under which the late King and Queen used to sit on a summer evening, whilst their children were playing round them on the grass. Kew Palace is in fine harmony with this pretty family-piece. It is quite refreshing to think of royalty so comfortable, and homely, and unconstrained, as it must have been in that small, ugly, old-fashioned house. Princes are the "born thralls" of splendour ; and to see them eased of their cumbrous magnificence, gives such a pleasure as one feels in reading "Ivanhoe," when the collar is taken from the neck of Gurth, and he leaps up a free man. At Kew, too, in those confined and ill-furnished apartments, they were not without better luxuries ; books accessible and readable, and looking as if they had been read, and a fine collection of cabinet pictures ; superb Canaletti's ; the famous dropsical woman, on which the Queen is said to have fixed her eyes, during her last illness, with such an intense expression of self-pity ; and a portrait of Vandyke, which rivals the Titian—the elegant Vandyke, with his head over his shoulder, which has been so often engraved. What an interesting thing is the portrait of a great artist !

Amongst the many superb villas round Richmond, none attracted me so much as Ham House, a stately old place, retired from the river, and concealed and divided from it by rows of large trees. Ham House is quite a model of the mansion of the last century, with its dark shadowy front, its steps and terraces, its marble basins, and its deep, silent court, whose iron gate, as Horace Walpole complains, is never opened. The keeping is perfect. The very flowers are old-fashioned. No American borders ! No Kalmias, or Azelias, or Magnolias, or such heathen shrubs ! No flimsy China roses ! Nothing new-fangled ! none but flowers of the olden time—gay, formal knots of pinks and sweet peas, and larkspurs, and lilies, and hollyhocks, mixed with solid cabbage roses, and round Dutch honeysuckles. I reverence such a garden. Every thing about it belongs to the time of hoops and periwigs. Harlowe Place must have been such another abode of stateliness and seclusion. Those iron gates seem to have been erected for no other purpose than to divide Lovelace from Clarissa. We almost expect to see her through them, sweeping slowly along the terrace walk, in the pure dignity of her swan-like beauty, with her jealous sister watching her from a window ; and we look for him round the corner of the wall, waiting to deposit a letter, and listening, with speaking eagerness, to the rustle of her silk gown. Richardson must certainly have seen Ham House.

Another interesting part of Richmond is the Park, so celebrated in the Scotch novels. But, alas ! it has been improved. The walk in which Jeanie Deans met Queen Caroline no longer exists : and so completely do those engrossing and usurping books take possession of every place which they choose to mention, that the alteration is felt as a real disappointment. To make amends for this, on removing some old furniture lately from a house in the vicinity, three portraits were discovered in the wainscot, George the Second, a staring likeness, between Queen Caroline and Lady Suffolk. The paintings are the worst of that bad era, but the recollection of Jeanie Deans is irresistible. I was still more forcibly reminded of another great poet, by



a yew tree near the river, worthy to have been joined with "those fraternal sons of Borrowdale—

"Huge trunks! and each particular trunk a growth  
Of intertwined fibres serpentine,  
Upcoiling and inveterately convolved."

Richmond has been so accustomed to be praised in fine poetry, that to speak of it in humble prose seems like an affront. But the sincerest, and, perhaps, the highest compliment that has been paid to this celebrated spot, is the residence, in its near neighbourhood, of two of our greatest landscape-painters, Mr. Turner and Mr. Hosland. The pervading spirit of this soft and lovely scenery may often be traced in their works; more especially in those of the latter, whose sparkling delicacy and Claude-like sweetness of tone and colour, seem caught from the beauty which breathes like a perfume around him; whilst Mr. Turner's original and truly English genius is evidently derived from universal nature. A fine picture is the best description of Richmond, though some of its graces are too subtle and evanescent even for the pencil. But the finest charm of this elegant place is the pure and innocent pleasure which it affords to a large and meritorious class of people. They who love to contemplate happy faces, should go there on a fine Sunday afternoon, and regale themselves with a sight of the many family parties drinking tea in the meadows, recalling Madame Roland's delightful account of her Sunday evenings by the banks of the Seine, and inhaling fragrance and fresh air after a week's smoke and dust in smoky London. To a London citizen, Richmond is, undoubtedly, the country; and if we who come farther a-field, should be disposed to contest the point, we shall, at least, admit that it is something better. M.

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FROM THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

REMARKS ON ANNALS OF THE PARISH, OR THE CHRONICLE OF DAL-  
MAILING.\*

We have already quoted from this book, and we shall do little farther now than quote from it. It is difficult to give its character; yet there is a character in it which is well worth studying. Its merit, in general, lies in the unobtrusive and common-life nature of the incidents. There is scarcely any thing in them which might not happen, we might think, in any Scottish parish, in any year or on any day. They are such things as we almost fancy that we ourselves recollect to have met with in our boyhood, and which we are apt scarcely to think it worth while to recollect. Yet a great part of the merit and interest of the book consists in this revival of reminiscences, this incorporation of itself with our own early minds; and the homely sketching of character presents the very kind of traits which strike children and the common people. There is a great difficulty in this ambitious age to keep to this sort of under-style of thinking and writing; and, in this view, the work has much the same merit with De Foe's novels, except that it is more rapid and lively; though, on the other hand, it sometimes strikes out too much from its own character, and runs into the opposite strain of covered satire and caricature. On the whole, it is exceedingly entertaining.

The supposed author, the Reverend Micah Balwhidder, is of the family of Parson Adams, the Vicar of Wakefield, and such other simple-minded priests; but he has the merit of being thoroughly Scotch, of a class of ministers whom we suppose pretty nearly extinct, as far as ludicrous simplicity goes, but which, we think, we can distinctly recollect to have existed, although Mr. Balwhidder's simplicity approaches too near the confines of sill-

\* Edinburgh, 1821.

liness to be an accurate picture of the class. There may, however, have been here and there a man very like him, and whom he might be supposed to represent, with scarcely any over-colouring.

The opening of our worthy minister's narrative will at once give a glimpse of his character, and, at the same time, of the feuds which existed in many Scotch parishes at the period when this history begins.

"The An. Dom. one thousand seven hundred and sixty was remarkable for three things in the parish of Dalmailing.—First and foremost there was my placing; then the coming of Mrs. Malcolm with her five children to settle among us; and next, my marriage upon my own cousin, Miss Betty Lanshaw, by which the account of this year naturally divides itself into three heads or portions.

"First, of the placing.—It was a great affair; for I was put in by the patron, and the people knew nothing whatsoever of me, and their hearts were stirred into strife on the occasion, and they did all that lay within the compass of their power to keep me out, insomuch, that there was obliged to be a guard of soldiers to protect the presbytery; and it was a thing that made my heart grieve when I heard the drum beating and the fife playing as we were going to the kirk. The people were really mad and vicious, and flung dirt upon us as we passed, and reviled us all, and held out the finger of scorn at me; but I endured it with a resigned spirit, compassionating their wilfulness and blindness. Poor old Mr. Kilfuddy of the Braehill got such a clash of glar on the side of his face, that his eye was almost extinguished.

"When we got to the kirk door, it was found to be nailed up, so as by no possibility to be opened. The sergeant of the soldiers wanted to break it, but I was afraid that the heritors would grudge and complain of the expense of a new door, and I supplicated him to let it be as it was; we were, therefore, obligated to go in by a window, and the crowd followed us, in the most unreverent manner, making the Lord's house like an inn on a fair-day, with their grievous yellyhooing. During the time of the psalm and the sermon, they behaved themselves better, but when the induction came on, their clamour was dreadful; and Thomas Thorl the weaver, a pious zealot in that time, he got up and protested, and said, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entered not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, is a thief and a robber.' And I thought I would have a hard and sore time of it with such an outstrapolous people. Mr. Given, that was then the minister of Lugton, was a jocose man, and would have his joke even at a solemnity. When the laying of the hands upon me was a doing, he could not get near enough to put on his, but he stretched out his staff and touched my head, and said, to the great diversion of the rest,—'This will do well enough, timber to timber;' but it was an unfriendly saying of Mr. Given, considering the time and the place, and the temper of my people.

"After the ceremony, we then got out at the window, and it was a heavy day to me, but we went to the manse, and there we had an excellent dinner, which Mrs. Watts of the new inns of Irville prepared at my request, and sent her chaise-driver to serve, for he was likewise her waiter, she having then but one chaise, and that not often called for.

"But, although my people received me in this unruly manner, I was resolved to cultivate civility among them: and, therefore, the very next morning I began a round of visitations; but oh, it was a steep brae that I had to climb, and it needed a stout heart. For I found the doors in some places barred against me; in others, the bairns, when they saw me coming, ran crying to their mothers, 'Here's the feckless Mess John;' and then when I went into the houses, their parents would no ask me to sit down, but with a scornful way, said, 'Honest man, what's your pleasure here?' Nevertheless, I



walked about from door to door, like a dejected beggar, till I got the almons deed of a civil reception, and who would have thought it, from no less a person than the same Thomas Thorl that was so bitter against me in the kirk the foregoing day.

"Thomas was standing at the door with his green duffle apron, and his red Kilmarnock nightcap—I mind him as well as if it was but yesterday—and he had seen me going from house to house, and in what manner I was rejected, and his bowels were moved, and he said to me in a kind manner, 'Come in, sir, and ease yoursel; this will never do, the clergy are God's gorbies, and for their Master's sake it behoves us to respect them. There was no ane in the whole parish mair against you than mysef, but this early visitation is a symptom of grace that I couldna have expectit from a bird out the nest of patronage.' I thanked Thomas, and went in with him, and we had some solid conversation together, and I told him that it was not so much the pastor's duty to feed the flock, as to herd them well; and that although there might be some abler with the head than me, there was na a he within the bounds of Scotland more willing to watch the fold by night and by day. And Thomas said he had not heard a mair sound observe for some time, and that if I held to that doctrine in the poopit, it would na be lang till I would work a change.—'I was mindit,' quoth he, 'never to set my foot within the kirk door while you were there; but to testify, and no to condemn without a trial, I'll be there next Lord's day, and egg my neighbours to be likewise, so ye'll no have to preach just to the bare walls and the laird's family.'"

We pass over the second head of the discourse, relating to the coming of the widow Malcolm, though it opens a series of very natural, and, at the same time, most pathetic and interesting incidents, and go on to

"Thirdly, upon the subject of taking my cousin, Miss Betty Lanshaw, for my first wife, I have little to say. It was more out of a compassionate habitual affection, than the passion of love. We were brought up by our grandmother in the same house, and it was a thing spoken of from the beginning, that Betty and me were to be married. So when she heard that the Laird of Breadland had given me the presentation of Dalmailing, she began to prepare for the wedding. And as soon as the placing was well over, and the manse in order, I gaed to Ayr, where she was, and we were quietly married, and came home in a chaise, bringing with us her little brother Andrew, that died in the East Indies, and he lived and was brought up by us."

Such is the style of the book throughout, giving a sketch of the most trivial incidents and common characters that appeared in the worthy man's parish during a period of more than fifty years, mingled, however, in a very natural manner, with glimpses of the progress of improvement and manners, and little openings of the great public events, which, however, appear in a distant vista, and only as they are seen from the far-off position of Dalmailing. There is a great deal of genius shown in this management, and, while every thing is related with the same accuracy as if all were of equal importance, we cannot help feeling both the littleness and the greatness of every thing earthly—little in itself, and when contrasted with the vast accumulation of other things going on at the same time in the world, and yet great as composing a part of one mighty whole, and finding its place in the immensity of one connected system. One of the first things that annoys poor Mr. Balwhidder among his people is their encouragement of smuggling. Drinking tea began to be introduced, and he almost looked upon that effeminacy as a sin, and, at last, a "thing happened in this year, (1761,) which deserves to be recorded, as manifesting what effect the smuggling was beginning to take in the morals of the country side." This was the coming of the dancing-master, recorded in a former page of this number. The good minister, how-

ever, begins the very next year to give up his dislike to the tea-drinking system.

"Mrs. Malcolm began to traffic in it, and we then had it for our breakfast in the morning at the manse, as well as in the afternoon. But what I thought most of it for was, that it did no harm to the head of the drinkers, which was not always the case with the possets that were in fashion before. There is no meeting now in the summer evenings, as I remember often happened in my younger days, with decent ladies coming home with red faces, tozy and cosh from a posset masking; so, both for its temperance, and on account of Mrs. Malcolm's sale, I refrained from the November in this year to preach against tea; but I never lifted the weight of my displeasure from off the smuggling trade, until it was utterly put down by the strong hand of government."

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FROM THE LONDON MONTHLY REVIEW.

*An Account of the Improvements on the Estates of the Marquess of Stafford, in the Counties of Stafford and Salop, and on the Estate of Sutherland, with Remarks.* By James Loch, Esq.

About two years ago, the newspapers gave an incautious publicity to certain alleged acts of cruelty, oppression, and even barbarity, said to have been perpetrated by the Marquess of Stafford on a hapless, unoffending, and industrious tenantry; whom he was represented as having driven from their houses on his estate in Scotland, for the purpose of converting it into sheep-walks. We remember to have shuddered at the detail, given day after day, of human beings lingering in their beloved cottages after they were unroofed, and who could only be torn from them at last by setting them on fire. Conscious, however, not only of his own innocence, but of the actual improvement which he was making in the situation of his numerous tenantry, the Marquess suffered these calumnies to be circulated with impunity, and almost without notice. He has now taken the wise, the merciful, and the effectual course of permitting his principal agent, Mr. Loch, to give to the world an ample account of the improvements on his estates both in England and Scotland: and it is but justice to the latter gentleman to say that he has executed his task with great industry and ability, as also with a zeal for the wounded honour and humanity of his Lordship, which does him much credit.

From the situation, climate, and soil of the county of Sutherland, where the Marquess has an estate of rock and mountain, moor and glen, of eight hundred thousand acres, the population on which is only fifteen thousand! from the feudal connexion, scarcely yet extinguished, between the laird, his tacksmen, and subtenants; from the desultory and peculiar habits of the mountaineers, hardy but not industrious; from the dreadful recurrence, every two or three years, of unfavourable seasons and deficient crops, subjecting these poor wretches to all the horrors of famine, from which they have often been saved entirely by his Lordship's liberality and benevolence, it seemed desirable to introduce some alteration of system, and to teach habits of industry to those, the great proportion of whose time, when not in the pursuit of game or of illicit distillation, was passed in indolence and sloth. In short, it was felt that the mountainous parts of the estate, and indeed of the county of Sutherland generally, are as much calculated for the maintenance of stock, as they are unfit for the habitation of man. It was resolved, therefore, that the inhabitants should be removed; not, however, as we among others had been led by misrepresentations to apprehend; not,

"Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,  
To traverse climes beyond the western main;



Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,  
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound."

No: it was arranged that they should be removed from the mountains to the coast below, on the same estate; and that they should be settled in situations where, by the exercise of honest industry, they might obtain a decent livelihood, unexposed to those dreadful privations with which they were so often visited before, and where they might also add to the mass of national wealth.

"It had long been known that the coast of Sutherland abounded with many different kinds of fish, not only sufficient for the consumption of the country, but affording also a supply to any extent, for more distant markets or for exportation when cured and salted. Besides the regular and continual supply of white fish, with which the shores thus abound, the coast of Sutherland is annually visited by one of those vast shoals of herrings, which frequent the coast of Scotland. It seemed as if it had been pointed out by nature, that the system for this remote district, in order that it might bear its suitable importance in contributing its share to the general stock of the country, was, to convert the mountainous districts into sheep-walks, and to remove the inhabitants to the coast, or to the valleys near the sea.

"It will be seen, that the object to be obtained by this arrangement was two-fold: it was, in the first place, to render this mountainous district contributory, as far as it was possible, to the general wealth and industry of the country, and in the manner most suitable to its situation and peculiar circumstances. This was to be effected by making it produce a large supply of wool, for the staple manufactory of England; while, at the same time, it should support as numerous, and a far more laborious and useful population, than it hitherto had done at home; and, in the second place, to convert the inhabitants of those districts to the habits of regular and continued industry, and to enable them to bring to market a very considerable surplus quantity of provisions, for the supply of the large towns in the southern parts of the island, or for the purpose of exportation."

In carrying this plan into effect, the utmost care was taken to explain the object proposed to be accomplished to those who were to be removed, and the ultimate advantages that would accrue to them in its completion. Ample notice also was given of the measure, and every facility and encouragement to obtain their acquiescence and co-operation. Every individual was allowed a year's occupation, rent free, on condition of settling on his new lot without delay, and a new lot was offered to every individual: not a soul was driven from the estate. All arrears on account of meal, rent, &c. were abandoned, to the amount of more than *fifteen thousand pounds*: the moss-fir belonging to the tenants' huts was purchased at a sworn valuation made by two appraisers, where it could not be conveniently carried away; and new wood was *given* to them by the Marquess, to construct their new houses. No exertion or entreaty, however, could persuade many of them to prepare for the removal of their families and property; *an under current* running in an opposite direction to that which appeared on the surface.

"Notwithstanding this dilatoriness in occupying their new lots, by far the greater bulk of the people are now settled upon the coast, and adopting with zeal and alacrity the cultivation of their land, and the prosecution of the herring-fishery. In nine cases only was it necessary to enforce the law in removing the people; and out of these, five consisted merely in taking out a portion of the furniture which the people had left behind them. So minutely and carefully were the proceedings conducted, that a memorandum was made of each case by the Procurator Fiscal, who is the public prosecutor of the county, at the time of each removal, of the state and condition of each cottage. To these minutes, reference may be had as occasion may re-

quire, and they serve as the most complete and thorough refutation of all the falsehoods and calumnies which have been propagated regarding these transactions."

The result of these arrangements, apparently founded in wisdom and executed with humanity, is that the whole population of the different straths, with a very unimportant exception, is at this time settled along the seashore; and the people inhabit small towns, near the various creeks, where they have begun to cultivate their lots with much industry. Many of them, having been accustomed to the herring-fishing, have extended their pursuit with great boldness to the catching of cod and ling, and are becoming expert and enterprising seamen.

A few farms only yet remain on some parts of the hilly districts most favourable for cultivation and improvement; and here a very important alteration has been made in the tenures. Every tacksman formerly paid the bulk of his rent by the number of men that he could raise; and his son, or his kinsman, was promoted in the Sutherland regiment, according to the number of recruits which he furnished;—the remaining portion of his rent, which was payable in kind or money, was obtained by underletting part of the lands in the most exorbitant manner. The tacksmen exacted from their subtenants services of the most oppressive nature, and to an extent which frequently enabled them to hold their own occupations rent-free; and in later times, although some of the more odious parts of this system were mitigated, an entire district was often let to the whole body of tenants resident in each township, who bound themselves, conjointly and severally, for the payment of the whole rent. The hard-working and industrious, therefore, after having discharged their own rent, were subject to be obliged to pay the arrears of the idle and profligate who had escaped. *Now*, the tenants all hold immediately of the landlord: their lots are regularly laid together, to which is attached a hill-pasture of definite extent; and no one is responsible for the payment of any other rent than his own. They are bound also to build *stone houses*, within view of the roads of communication through the county; an arrangement which will prevent the erection of those wretched huts, under which a numerous population formerly sheltered themselves who paid *no* rent at all. Those encroachments were carried to such an audacious excess that, three or four years ago, when Lord Stafford's humanity was employed in relieving the extreme of human misery to which his tenants under the old system had been reduced by the failure of their provisions, it was found, on an accurate examination of the names and circumstances of those who claimed relief, that not fewer than four hundred and eight families, consisting of nearly two thousand individuals, had fixed themselves in the outskirts of the more distant towns and the remote districts of his estate, who held neither of landlord nor tacksman, and who resided on his property, in short, without paying any rent whatever! This hard-hearted and cruel landlord, accused of having depopulated his farms to make room for sheep,—driving away his tenants by the terror of the fire-brand,—immediately ordered that necessary relief should be extended to these unhappy intruders, as well as to others who stood in need of it. Let the calumniators of the noble Marquess read this anecdote, and blush at their own atrocious criminality in having borne "false witness against their neighbour!" Cottages, unshapely indeed and coarse, but far better than the old mountain-huts, are springing up along the coast; and Mr. Loch, whose book contains a great portion of very interesting matter, bears testimony to the improved cultivation of the lots by the cotters: asserting that the quantity of waste land taken in by them from the face of the mountain is very great. As an evidence that the increasing wealth and prosperity of the people have kept pace with the improvement of the new system, it is men-



tioned that, at the Brora fair of November, 1819, (an institution of a few years' standing,) a sum of fifteen hundred pounds was spent in what are termed *fineries*, almost entirely by the settlers on the coast-side, whose poverty, wretchedness, and hard fate have been pleaded in such strong but unfounded terms.

The extension of the fisheries, also, is astonishing: in the year 1814, they employed 8 coopers, 60 women, 80 men, and twenty boats; and 2400 barrels of herrings were cured: but it has increased almost geometrically from that time to the present. In 1819, they employed 70 coopers, 645 women, 1020 men, and 204 boats; and 20,000 barrels were cured. From a single creek, whence before the year 1814 not a single boat issued, in the year 1818 were cleared out 2973 registered tons of shipping; and in 1819 were entered 5246 tons. These are the exports and imports at Helmsdale only. For more ample particulars, we must refer to the volume itself.

The improvements going forwards on the Marquess's estates in the counties of Stafford and Salop are, like those in Sutherland, on a magnificent scale, and cannot fail to be attended with national as well as individual advantage.

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FROM MEMOIRS OF THE CARBONARI.

#### ACCOUNT OF CEREMONIES OF INITIATION.

We just premise that the place of meeting of a lodge of Carbonari (agreeable to the history given us) is called the *baracca*, or *barrack*: the space surrounding it, the *forest*, or *wood*; the interior of the lodge, the *venida*. That the members are called G. C., or good cousins; that they are divided into two ranks, masters and apprentices. That all the world who are not Carbonari, are called pagans. That "good cousinship" is principally founded on *religion* and *virtue*; and that every symbol used in their ceremonies even to the colours of their threads, and forms of their sticks, and trunks of the trees, have their sundry abstruse and allegorical meanings: and this being clearly understood, we may venture to present a picture of the reception of a Carbonaro.

##### "Reception of a Carbonaro.

"The *Preparatore* (preparer) leads the *Pagan* (uninitiated) who is to become a member, blindfold, from the closet of reflection to the door of the Baracca. He knocks irregularly; the *Copritore* (coverer) says to the second assistant, 'A Pagan knocks at the door.' The second assistant repeats this to the first, who repeats it to the Grand Master; at every communication the Grand Master strikes a blow with an axe.

"*Grand Master*. See who is the rash being who dares to trouble our sacred labours.

"This question having passed through the assistants and *Copritore* to the *Preparatore*, he answers through an opening in the door.

"*Preparatore*. It is a man whom I have found wandering in the forest.

"*Gr. M.* Ask his name, country and profession.

"The secretary writes the answer.

"*Gr. M.* Ask him his habitation—his religion.

"The secretary notes them.

"*Gr. M.* What is it he seeks among us?

"*Prep.* Light; and to become a member of our society.

"*Gr. M.* Let him enter.

"(The Pagan is led into the middle of the assembly; and his answers are compared with what the secretary had noted.)

" *Gr. M.* Mortal, the first qualities which we require, are frankness, and contempt of danger. Do you feel that you are capable of practising them?

" After the answer, the Grand Master questions the candidate on morality and benevolence; and he is asked, if he has any effects, and wishes to dispose of them, being at the moment in danger of death; after being satisfied of his conduct, the Grand Master continues, 'Well, we will expose you to trials that have some meaning—let him make the first journey.' He is led out of the Baracca—he is made to journey through the forest—he hears the rustling of leaves—he is then led back to the door, as at his first entrance.

" *Gr. M.* What have you remarked during this first journey?

" (The Pagan relates accordingly.)

" *Gr. M.* The first journey is the symbol of human virtue: the rustling of leaves, and the obstacles you have met in the road, indicate to you, that weak as we are, and struggling in this vale of tears, we can only attain virtue by good works, and under the guidance of reason, &c. &c. Let him make the second journey.

" (The Pagan is led away, and is made to pass through fire; he is made acquainted with the chastisement of perjury; and, if there is an opportunity, he is shown a head severed from the body, &c. &c. He is again conducted into the Baracca.)

" *Gr. M.* The fire through which you have passed is the symbol of that flame of charity, which should be always kindled in our hearts, to efface the stains of the seven capital sins, &c. &c.

" Make him approach the sacred throne, &c.

" *Gr. M.* You must take an irrevocable oath; it offends neither religion nor the state, nor the rights of individuals; but forget not, that its violation is punished with death.

" The Pagan declares that he will submit to it; the Master of the Ceremonies leads him to the throne, and makes him kneel on the white cloth.

" *Gr. M.* Order!

*" The Oath.*

" I, N. N. promise and swear, upon the general statutes of the order, and upon this steel, the avenging instrument of the perjured, scrupulously to keep the secret of Carbonarism; and neither to write, engrave, or paint any thing concerning it, without having obtained a written permission. I swear to help my Good Cousins in case of need, as much as in me lies, and not to attempt any thing against the honour of their families. I consent, and wish, if I perjure myself, that my body may be cut in pieces, then burnt, and my ashes scattered to the wind, in order that my name may be held up to the execration of the Good Cousins throughout the earth. So help me God.

" *Gr. M.* Lead him into the middle of the ranks (this is done). What do you wish? The Master of the Ceremonies suggests to the Pagan to say *Light*.

" *Gr. M.* It will be granted to you by the blows of my axe.

" The Grand Master strikes with the axe—this action is repeated by all the apprentices—the bandage is removed from the eyes of the Pagan—the Grand Master and the Good Cousins hold their axes raised.

" *Gr. M.* These axes will surely put you to death, if you become perjured. On the other hand, they will all strike in your defence, when you need them, and if you remain faithful. (*To the Master of the Ceremonies*,) Bring him near the throne, and make him kneel.

" *Gr. M.* Repeat your oath to me, and swear to observe exactly the private institutions of this respectable Vendita.

" *The Candidate.* I ratify it and swear.

" *Gr. M.* (Holding the specimen of wood in his left hand, and suspending the axe over the head of the candidate with his right, says,) To the great



and divine Grand Master of the universe, and to St. Theobald, our protector—In the name and under the auspices of the Supreme Vendita of Naples, and in virtue of the power which has been conferred upon me in this respectable Vendita, I make, name, and create you an apprentice Carbonaro.

"The Grand Master strikes the specimen which is held over the Apprentice's head, thrice; he then causes him to rise, and instructs him in the sacred words and touch.

"*Gr. M.* Master of the Ceremonies, let him be acknowledged by the apprentices.

"The Assistants anticipate the execution of this order, by saying to the Grand Master, all is according to rule, just and perfect.

"*Gr. M.* Assistants, tell the respective orders to acknowledge, henceforth, the Good Cousin N. N. as an active member of this Vendita, &c. &c.

"The Symbolical Picture is explained to the new apprentice.

"*Gr. M.* At what hour do the Carbonari terminate their sacred labours?

"*First Assistant.* As soon as the Sun no longer enlightens our forest.

"*Gr. M.* What hour is it?

"*Second Assistant.* The Sun no longer enlightens our forest.

"*Gr. M.* Good Cousins, as the Sun no longer enlightens our forest, it is my intention to terminate our sacred labours. First, let us make a triple salutation (*Vantaggio*), to our Grand Master, divine and human, (Jesus Christ).—To St. Theobald, our protector, who has assisted us and preserved us from the eyes of the pagans—Order! To me,——&c. The signs and salutations (*Vantaggi*) are performed.

"*Gr. M.* I declare the labours ended; retire to your Baracche—retire in peace.

*"Reception to the Second Rank.*

"The signs of the Masters are made, and they arrange themselves in order.

"The Grand Master on this occasion is called the President—The assistants, Counsellors of the College of R. (Respectable) Carbonarism.

"*The President.* At what hour do the Counsellors meet?

"*First Counsellor.* When the cock crows.

"*President.* Second Counsellor, what hour is it?

"*Second Counsellor.* Noon by the Sun.

"The Counsellors make the triple salutation to the Grand Master, divine and human, and to St. Theobald, and invoke their blessing on their labours.

"The President puts on a robe, and takes the name of Pilate; the First Counsellor that of Caiaphas; the second that of Herod; the Adept (*Esperto*) calls himself the chief of the guards; the Master of the Ceremonies, the Godfather; the Good Cousins generally are called the *People*.

"The Godfather blinds the eyes of the novice, and makes him journey through the forest; he afterwards leads him towards the President, who causes his crown of thorns, and specimen, to be brought, and questions him on the catechism of the apprentices.

"*The President.* Good Cousin, your trials as a novice are not sufficient to raise you to an equality with us; you must undergo more important trials; reflect upon it, and tell us your intention.

"The Apprentice declares that he is ready to undergo the trials.

"*President.* Conduct him to the Olives.

"He is led to the place so called—he is placed in a supplicating attitude, his hands lifted towards heaven—the Godfather causes him to repeat aloud:

"If the pains I am about to suffer can be useful to mankind, I do not ask to be delivered from them. Thy will be done, and not mine.

"*Pilate.* Let him drain the cup of bitterness.

"He is made to drink, and he is then led bound to Pilate.

"*Pilat.* Who is this you bring me?"

"*Chief of the Guards.* One accused of sedition; we found him in the midst of wretches who listened to him, and who are witnesses of his wicked precepts.

"*The People.* He is a seducer of the people, who, to govern despotically, and to overthrow our religion, calls himself the living God.

"*Pilat.* The crime is heavy; I cannot judge him alone. Take him to Caiaphas.

"The Chief of the Guards accompanies him.

"*Chief of the Guards.* Pilate sends you this man, to judge him according to his crimes.

"*Caiaphas.* From what I have heard, he is guilty; his punishment belongs to the Sovereign. Lead him to Herod.

"*Herod.* Who art thou?"

"The Godfather instructs the novice to say,

"I am the Son of God.

"*The People.* You hear him, he blasphemes, and deserves the severest punishment.

"*Herod.* Is it true that thou art the Son of the living God?"

"The Godfather instructs the novice to say,

"Thou sayest it.

"*Herod.* People! This is a man who is beside himself; put a white robe upon him, and lead him to Pilate, to judge the man as he thinks fit.

"The tunic is put upon the novice, he is led to Pilate, who shows him to the people.

"*Pilat.* The Prince sends me this man; what will you that I shall do to him?"

"*The People.* Condemn him.

"*Pilat.* I will not condemn him without having heard him. Who are you?"

"The Godfather for the novice—Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

"*Pilat.* If he is a king, let a crown of thorns be put upon his head, and a sceptre in his hand: (turning towards the people) Are you satisfied?"

"*The People.* No; he deserves a greater punishment.

"*Pilat.* Strip him, bind him to this column, and scourge him.

"Pilate causes him to be again clothed, in a red robe; shows him to the people, and says,

"*Pilat.* Are you satisfied? Behold the man.

"*The People.* No, let him be crucified.

"*Pilat.* I have done my duty; you wish his death; I give him up to you: I wash my hands of the deed; the innocent blood be upon you and on your children. [After Pilate has washed his hands, the novice is delivered over to the people, who make him carry his cross to Calvary; his pardon is asked; he is made to kneel upon the white cloth; the President takes off the red robe, and says,]

"*President.* Do you consent to take your second oath? [If he consents, the bandage is taken from his eyes; he is made to kneel on his left knee, with his right hand on the axe. All the Good Cousins arrange themselves in order.]

#### "Form of the Oath.

"I, N. N. promise and swear before the Grand Master of the universe, upon my word of honour, and upon this steel, the avenging instrument of the perjured, to keep scrupulously and inviolably the secrets of Carbonarism; never to talk of those of the Apprentices before the Pagans, nor of those of the Masters before the Apprentices. As also, not to initiate any person, nor to establish a Vendita, without permission, and in a just and perfect number—not to write or engrave the secrets—to help even with my blood, if ne-



cessary, the Good Cousins Carbonari, and to attempt nothing against the honour of their families. I consent, if I perjure myself, to have my body cut in pieces, then burnt, and the ashes scattered to the wind, that my name may remain in execration with all the Good Cousins Carbonari spread over the face of the earth. So help me God.\*

## Agriculture.

FROM THE AMERICAN FARMER.

### BURLINGTON HAMS.

Burlington, Feb. 3, 1821.

Dear Sir—I have endeavoured to obtain the information you requested respecting the mode of curing the hams which excited the inquiries of your Charleston friends, without succeeding to the extent of my wishes. The person who probably sent the hams to Charleston, is an extensive dealer in both pork and hams, and a respectable storekeeper in this place. Considering the process as a valuable secret of his business, and having repeatedly declined a disclosure of his practice, he is averse to offend those who have been refused the information which you are desirous of obtaining; nor is he willing that his practice should be known to others, who might avail themselves of it to his injury. These are probably the reasons for his reserve on the subject.

As Burlington has been somewhat celebrated for the character of its hams, and as they are to be found of a good quality in most of our respectable families, and in some few instances, equal to any I have elsewhere seen, the best mode of curing them is claimed as the practice of several intelligent individuals of my acquaintance. The following receipt is, I believe, one which has been sanctioned by the approbation of the best tastes among us: it has been used in my own family, and has been approved by the best judges among the genteel strangers who have visited us.

To 12 hams of common size, take 8 pounds of brown sugar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  of well crystallized saltpetre, and 5 of fine salt: rub the hams with this mixture, and let them be one week in a cask with the skins downward: then make a pickle of the strongest coarse salt, of sufficient strength to bear an egg; add about 2 or 3 quarts of ley from hickory ashes, refined by boiling and scumming: when cold, cover the hams with it, and keep them down by a weight: let them lie three or four weeks, according to their size, then hang them up in the smoke-house: after 24 hours, commence smoking them with sound hickory wood, and repeat this every morning until sufficiently smoked.

There is some difference in the subsequent practice of the best managers. Those prepared by the dealer first mentioned, have been wrapped in the finest, driest, and sweetest clover hay, and then tightly sewed up in strong canvas bags: they are then kept hanging up in the smoke-house, or packed for shipping. This mode is not always successful in preserving them from the fly. Burying them in very dry hickory ashes, and packing them in boxes kept in the smoke-house, and occasionally changed,

\* "We learn from the minutes of the Roman trial that the Republican Brother Protectors swear, over a phial of poison, or a red hot iron, 'never to divulge the secrets of the society; to labour day and night for the extirpation of tyrants. They submit, in case of perjury, to the punishment of dying by poison, and having their flesh burnt by the red hot iron.'"

and dried through the summer, has been found, in my practice, the most effectual mode of preserving them. When wanted for use, they should be put in water the preceding evening, to dissolve the ashes adhering to them. If dipped in ashes when first taken from the pickle, it forms a coat which is useful in preserving them from the fly.

There is a great variety in the minute details of even good managers; but the use of sugar and saltpetre are the material points, common to them all. In my opinion, a great deal depends on the nature of the flesh of the several breeds of hogs. There is, in our country, a prevailing attachment to large animals: I have, like my neighbours, been deluded by this false taste. After a fair trial of the large breed of hogs, I have abandoned them as coarse in flesh and deficient in flavour, and at the same time unprofitable in keeping; requiring to be kept long with a larger portion of food, according to their size. I have now two distinct breeds of hogs, one of the English White Suffolk breed, from the imported boar, represented in the Philadelphia Agricultural Almanac of 1820; the other, Cobbet's Black Hampshire breed. These I am crossing with the Spanish Black, of which I have now a fine boar in my possession, imported by my friend Joseph Elus Bloomfield, esq. from Cadiz; of the same breed with the Spanish hogs imported by commodore Chauncey, at New York, in the same vessel, and mentioned by Cobbet, as introduced into England by William Gauntlett, late a commissary in Spain, and superior to his Hampshire breed. These are kinds which I am keeping distinct, and likewise by crossing, will, I believe, enable me to secure the best breeds in our country or in Europe.

In an interesting communication from Mr. John Leeky, an eminent dealer in pork and bacon, in Cork, he recommends the Suffolk breed to his fellow citizens, and also the Hampshire breed, as far superior in flavour or profit to the large pork of the English Berkshire breed, shipped from Waterford, which he does not think worthy of encouragement. (See No. 5, 6, 7, of the Cork or Munster Magazine, No. XX. 1817.)

WM. COXE.

## Science.

Compiled for the Saturday Magazine.

*Edinburgh School of Arts.*—An association has been formed in this city, for the purpose of enabling industrious tradesmen to become acquainted with such of the principles of mechanics, chemistry, and other branches of science, as are of practical application in their several trades, that they may possess a more thorough knowledge of their business, acquire a greater degree of skill in the practice of it, and be led to improvement with a greater security of success.

The expense of small schools and of private instruction is necessarily greater than a working mechanic can afford; but it is calculated, if the tradesmen of Edinburgh are desirous of a better education, and are willing to lay aside, for that purpose, such a portion of their earnings as they can reasonably spare, that it is quite practicable to adopt such a system, as will place within their means all the scientific instruction that would be useful to them; and there is every reason to believe that they will find the more opulent classes of Edinburgh quite ready to come forward in support of so laudable and beneficial a scheme; nor is there any way in which it can be so effectually promoted as with the advice and co-operation of the better educated part of the community.



Such is the object with which we understand this excellent institution has been formed, and the following is an outline of its plan:

It is intended that there shall be Lectures upon Practical Mechanics, and Practical Chemistry, to be delivered twice a week, from eight to nine o'clock in the evening, from October to April.

It is also intended that there shall be a collection of medals and instruments, and a library of books on mechanics and chemistry, and their application to the arts, and on all branches of natural and physical science; which shall circulate among those who attend the lectures, and be lent out throughout the whole year.

It would be desirable that instructions should be given in mechanical and architectural drawing: but these are points that cannot be decided until it is ascertained whether there will be a sufficient fund for the purpose; but as an experiment for the first year, it is intended that every person who pays the small subscription of 15s. either at one time or in two successive quarterly payments, shall have access to the library, and admission to the lectures for the whole year.

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## Variety.

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*From the Boston Daily Advertiser, August 18.*

On occasion of the visit of the Cadets to the late President Adams on Tuesday last, he made them the following address:—

My Young Fellow Citizens and Fellow Soldiers,

I rejoice that I live to see so fine a collection of the future defenders of their country in pursuit of honour under the auspices of the national government.

A desire of distinction is implanted by nature in every human bosom, and the general sense of mankind in all ages and countries, cultivated and uncultivated, has excited, encouraged and applauded this passion in military men more than in any other order of society. Military glory is esteemed the first and greatest of glories. As your profession is at least as solemn and as sacred as any in human life, it behoves you seriously to consider *what is glory?*

There is no real glory in this world or any other, but such as arises from wisdom and benevolence. There can be no solid glory among men, but that which springs from equity and humanity; from the constant observance of prudence, temperance, justice, and fortitude. Battles, victories and conquests, abstracted from their only justifiable object and end, which is justice and peace, are the glory of fraud, violence, and usurpation. What was the glory of Alexander and Cæsar? The glimmering which those "livid flames" in Milton "cast pale and dreadful," or "the sudden blaze" which far around "illumined Hell."

Different—far different, is the glory of Washington and his faithful colleagues! Excited by no ambition of conquest or avaricious desire of wealth; irritated by no jealousy, envy, malice, or revenge; prompted only by the love of their country, by the purest patriotism and philanthropy, they persevered, with invincible constancy, in defence of their country, her fundamental laws, her natural, essential, and inalienable rights and liberties, against the lawless and ruthless violence of tyranny and usurpation.

The biography of these immortal captains, and the history of their great

actions, you will read and ruminate night and day. You need not investigate antiquity, or travel into foreign countries to find models of excellence in military commanders, without a stain of ambition or avarice, tyranny, cruelty, or oppression, towards friends or enemies.

In imitation of such great examples, in the most exalted transports of your military ardour, even in the day of battle, you will be constantly overawed by a conscious sense of the dignity of your characters as men, as American citizens, and as Christians.

I congratulate you on the great advantages you possess for attaining eminence in letters and science, as well as in arms. These advantages are a precious deposit, which you ought to consider as a sacred trust, for which you are responsible to your country, and to a higher tribunal. These advantages, and the habits you have acquired, will qualify you for any course of life you may choose to pursue.

That I may not fatigue you with too many words, allow me to address every one of you in the language of a Roman dictator to his master of the horse, after a daring and dangerous exploit for the safety of his country,

“Macte virtute esto.”

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#### OPINIONS OF OLD ENGLISH AUTHORS.

##### LOVE.

The force of *love* to those poor folk that feel it, is in many ways very strange, but no way stranger than that it doth so enchain the lover's judgment upon her that holds the reins of his mind, that whatsoever she doth, is ever in his eyes *best*; and that *best* being turned by her to any other thing, that thing again becometh *best*; so that nature in each kind suffering but one superlative, the lover only admits no *positive*. If she sit still, that is best; for so is the conspiracy of her several graces held best together, to make one perfect figure of beauty. If she *walk*, no doubt that is best; for, besides the making happy the more places by her steps, the very stirring adds a pleasing life to her native perfections. If she be *silent*, that, without comparison, is best, since by that means, the untroubled eye most freely may devour the sweetness of its object; but if she *speak*, he will take it upon his death, that is best; the quintessence of each word being distilled down into his affected soul.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

Love utterly subverts the course of nature, in making reason give place to sense, and man to woman. And truly I think hereupon it first gat the name of *love*; for, indeed, the true love hath that excellent nature in it, that it doth transform the very essence of the lover into the thing loved; uniting, and, as it were, incorporating it, with a secret and inward working. And herein do these kinds of love imitate the excellent; for as the love of heaven makes one heavenly, the love of virtue, virtuous, so doth the love of the world make one become worldly: and this effeminate love of a woman doth so *womanize* a man, that if he yield to it, it will not only make him an Amazon, but a launder, a distaff, a spinner, or whatsoever other vile occupation their idle heads can imagine, and their weak hands perform.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

It is a strange thing to note the excess of this passion, and how it braves the nature and value of things, by this, that the speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but in love. Neither is it merely in the phrase; for whereas, it has been well said, that the arch-flatterer, with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence, is a man's self, certainly the lover is more; for there never was proud man thought so absurdly well of



himself, as the lover doth of the person loved: and, therefore, it was well said, "That it is impossible to love, and to be wise." Neither doth this weakness appear to others only, and not to the party loved; but to the loved most of all, except the love be reciproque; for it is a true rule, that love is ever rewarded either with the reciproque, or with an inward and secret contempt. By how much the more ought men to beware of this passion, which loseth not only other things, but itself! As for the other losses, the poet's relation doth well figure them, that he that preferred Helena, quitted the gifts of Juno and Pallas; for whosoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection, quitteth both riches and wisdom. LORD BACON.

They do best, who if they cannot but admit love, yet make it keep quarter, and sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life; for if it check once with business, it troubleth men's fortunes, and maketh men that they can no ways be true to their own ends. I know not how, but martial men are given to love; I think it but as they are given to wine; for *perils* commonly ask to be paid in *pleasures*.

Nuptial love maketh mankind; friendly love perfecteth it; but wanton love corrupteth and debaseth it. LORD BACON.

Love is the pleasant frenzy of the mind,  
And frantic men in their mad actions show  
A happiness that none but madmen know;  
'Tis an enchantment, where the reason's bound;  
But *Paradise* is in th' enchanted ground.

DRYDEN.

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FROM THE LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

#### VOLTAIRE AND MADAME DE CHATELET.

It was well known, that a long attachment had existed between these two celebrated characters; and the licensed, or rather depraved, manners of France, made them long inmates of the same house at Cirey, where the husband and the brother of the lady were so kindly accommodating, as very frequently to pay her visits for several days at a time.

The celebrated St. Lambert, when he visited Voltaire, was much admired by Madame de Chatelet; and we hope we shall not incur the charge of ill-nature by remarking, that when a woman once swerves from conjugal duty, she seldom confines her regard to *one* object. Voltaire's darling Emilie did not fail to prefer the handsome St. Lambert to the philosopher, who was extremely jealous of the private interviews which were continually taking place between Madame and so formidable a rival. One day, after the decease of Madame de Chatelet, who died in child-birth, her husband was, with Voltaire, examining the case, wherein Madame had kept some valuable rings: they both felt inclined to forgive all that was past, and their tenderness only was awakened. At length they came to a ring, which particularly struck them by its appearance, the collet of which was large enough to contain a small miniature. Voltaire became remarkably attentive. The curiosity of one gentleman increased, the uneasiness of the other was augmented, and they were both agitated by their own individual feelings; each, however, expected to find there his own picture, especially as Madame de Chatelet excelled in painting, and each thought again that the ring had been a present from the other to one they both sincerely regretted. This flattering and natural idea, made them both eager to open so precious a trinket. In the meantime, during this little contention, the spring opened of itself in their hands: Voltaire trembled as he approached; but what was his surprise,—it was not his picture, but that of St. Lambert! He received this shock with his usual philosophy, but not without a severe stroke of satire. "Ah!

Monsieur de Chatelet," said he, "let neither of us boast too much!" Then whispering almost to himself, he said, "Ah! such are the generality of women! After all, I drove away the Duke of Richelieu, and St. Lambert drove me away!"

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## Poetry.

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FOR THE SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

### TO THE SUN.

*By William B. Tappan.*

EFFULGENT Orb! Parent of day!  
Emblem of the Eternal Mind;  
Thou hold'st thy calm, majestic way,  
In grandeur of thy own, enshrined.

Of old art thou; from night's long sleep  
Chaos awakening, saw thy birth;  
The Almighty claimed thee from the deep,  
The life of renovated earth.

Thou saw'st—when journeying on thy car,  
The animated tribes appear;  
And thou wast present, when the star  
Of morning chanted from his sphere.

Thy new-born beam on Paradise  
Quivered with bright, rejoicing ray;  
When the I AM in council wise,  
Gave Man the undivided sway.

Thou saw'st him, conscious, walk abroad,  
In innocence, in beauty free;  
Thou saw'st his offspring, weaned from God,  
Render the matin vow to thee.

Deeds of destruction, dark, and deep,  
Dread page!—it has been thine to scan;  
Thou hast beheld, when heaven could weep  
The madness, perfidy, of Man.

His mandate has withheld thy course,  
To sentinel the battle-plain;  
His crime has withered up thy source  
When He who lent thy fires was slain.

When thou, like day's divinity,  
Climb'st the empyrean vault alone;  
We worship, while we view in thee,  
The chastened splendours of the throne!

While vaunted empires wax, and wane,  
O Sun! and nations rise and die;  
Thou, undiminished, hold'st thy reign,  
The gorgeous monarch of the sky.

Man glides elate down pleasure's stream;  
Thou slumberest, tranquil, on the wave;  
Man turns to dust—thy brilliant beam,  
As brightly mantles o'er his grave.

Yet not immortal thy career;  
Thou who hast witnessed earth's decay,  
Thyself, dismantled from thy sphere,  
With planets, worlds, wilt flee away!